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212.4.85

Lady ACHES-N

Weary of the

94

D E A F

I.

THE Dean wou'd visit Market-hill,
Our Invitation was but slight
I said- why- Let him if he will,
And so I bid Sir A—r write.

II.

His Manners would not let him wait,
Least we should think ourselves neglected,
And so we saw him at our Gate
Three Days before he was expected.

III.

After a Week, a Month, a Quarter,
And Day succeeding after Day.
Says not a Word of his Departure
Tho' not a Soul w^{sh}ed him to stay.

VI.

I've said enough to make him blush
Methinks, or else the Devil's in't,
But he cares not for it a Rush,
Nor for my Life will take the Hint.

V.

But you, my Life, may let him know,
In civil Language, if he stays
How deep and foul the Roads may grow,
And that he may command the Chaise.

VI.

Or you may say— my Wife intends,
Tho' I should be exceeding proud,

This Winter to invite some Friends
And Sir I know you hate a crowd

VII.

Or, Mr. Dean—I should with Joy
Beg you would here continue still,
But we must go to Aghnacloy;
Or Mr. M—r will take it ill.

VIII.

The Hous Accounts ar—
So much his Stay d
My dearest Life it is surp
much he eats.

His Brace of Puppies,

And they must have thr-e ~~aw~~ als a day
Yet never think they get enough;
His Horses too eat all our Hay.

X.

Oh! if I could, how I would maul
His Tallow Face and Wainscot Paws,
His Beetle-brows and Eyes of Wall,
And make him soon give up the Causie.

XI.

Must I be every Moment chid
With skinny, boney, snip and lean.
Oh! that I could but once be rid
Of that insulting Tyrant Dean.

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A VEW of the Irish BAR, in a CHARACTER of the LAWYERS.